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## May.

SHE scatters the dew from her flowing hair,  
And the seeds in the garden grow!  
She waves her magic wand in air,  
And the dark clouds break and go!

Queen of the Months, I welcome thee,  
Who bringest the sun and dew!  
Thy breath on the land is sweet to me,  
Thy light on the waters blue!

A. F.

## A Master of the Short Story in French.

THOMAS A. J. DOCKWEILER, '12.



HE short story is very probably the most widely read form of fiction today. The reason for this is not hard to find, when we consider the part played by literature in our daily lives. In this day of bustling commercialism with its weighing of everything in terms of the dollar, few indeed are those who have either the means or the leisure, or—having these—the inclination, to follow the higher intellectual pursuits. What the reading public demands is something to amuse it, something to lighten the hours of monotonous drudgery, and not something to set it thinking; for to many people, absorbed as they are in solving the deeply perplexing problem of how to maintain physical existence in their artificial environment, serious thinking on subjects not at all, or at the most remotely connected with the work-a-day world in which they live, is viewed as an onerous and useless addition to the heavy burden they already bear. Toilers in every occupation, the factory employee, the me-

chanic, the salesman, the clerk, and even the professional man, if they are wont to refresh their minds by literature, seek distraction during their short periods of recreation by reading fiction, and preferably short stories.

The popularity of the short story is due in a measure to the wide circulation it receives through newspapers, magazines, and periodicals whose cheapness and convenience, qualities not always possessed by the novel as published in book form, places it within the reach of all. The mention of magazines suggests another reason why the short story is held in such general high favor. There are now a number of periodicals devoted solely or chiefly to the publishing of short stories. Usually it takes only a brief time to read one of these stories, and since a magazine will contain several such, if the reader finds one not to his liking, he can drop it and take up another. But a novel costing considerably more than a copy of a magazine affords no little displeasure if it proves disappointing. The greatest asset of the short story and the means by which it has risen to such remarkable popularity is its very brevity. Duties and obligations may not allow sufficient leisure for the reading of fiction of any considerable length, like the ordinary novel, but very pressing must be the business which can deprive one of the useful pleasure to be derived from reading occasionally a good short story. Now short story writing is an art, and as such it is no exception to the general rule that great masterpieces in any art are comparatively few in number. Hence rarely do we meet with a short story that has elements entitling it to immortality. That there are works of this sort can not be for a moment denied. Too often, however, some of the most wonderful and exquisite short story masterpieces are unknown, or little known, or if

known are rejected as "classical"—as flat and uninteresting—by the general reader. For instance, how many of those who weekly go through the pages of "The Saturday Evening Post" are acquainted or intimate with Alphonse Daudet in his best short stories. The majority have probably heard of or know something about his "Sapho," novel and drama; but have they read "The Last Class," "The Siege of Berlin," or "Master Cornille's Secret"? It is safe to say that they have not. The indefinable beauty and charm of these sketches do not appeal to the uncultured mind which is only attracted by what is crudely surprising or painted with the glaring colors of the sensational.

We are to consider Alphonse Daudet as a writer of short stories. This distinction is made because we find in this gifted author a fourfold and successful combination of literary talents. He was a poet, a novelist, a dramatist and a writer of short stories; and in each of these fields of activity he has left several masterpieces. A correct understanding and proper appreciation of Daudet the author seems to demand a knowledge, or at least a study, of Daudet the man. So it is deemed well to give here a short account of his life and labors.

Daudet was a native of Nimes in France where he was born on May 13th, 1840. His education was the best his father, a poor tradesman, could afford. At Lyons where he spent his boyhood, he attended the lycée and later was an usher for about a year in a school at Alais. Here the scholars were so fond of ridiculing his near-sightedness that they made life miserable for the unfortunate drudge. The unhappy experiences he underwent here made such an impression on him that years afterwards he declared these sufferings to have been greater than any that were his lot at a later day in Paris. When seventeen years old he left Alais and, accompanied by his brother Ernest, went to Paris, hoping to support himself by his pen. They entered the employment of the Comte de Morny (or, as he is sometimes called, the Duc de Morny) president of the Corps Législatif, whom Daudet has been accused of lampooning in his novel "Le Nabob," a book that caused no little discussion in French literary journals. Daudet, however, denied that he had any intention of satirizing any prominent character in the empire.

His first literary endeavor was a volume of

verse, "Les Amoreuses," published in 1858, which contained that "exquisite fantasie" entitled "Prunes." The favorable reception tendered this book gave its author access to the columns of several newspapers. In his "Les Gueux des Province," printed in "Figaro," there is spirited description of the miseries of ushers in the provincial schools. There followed in 1861 "La Double Conversion," a poem, and in 1863, "Le Roman du Chaperon Rouge," a collection of articles that had been contributed to "Figaro." Much of Daudet's work first appeared in Parisian newspapers. He was a regular contributor to "Figaro," the "Moniteur Universel," the "Monde Illustrée," and "L'Illustration." The "Letters de Mon Moulin" (Letters from My Mill) were collected and published in 1869. He took an active part in the siege of Paris in 1871. "Letters à un Absent," "Robert Helmont," and "Contes du Lundi" (Monday Tales) were issued in the same year. The latter work appeared in "Figaro" under the pen name of Gaston-Marie. Subsequently Daudet published several novels and short stories under his own name or the nom de plume Baptistet. Some of his verse is signed Jehan Froissart. "Tartarin de Tarascon" was published in 1873, and was followed by "Le Petit Chose," and "Les Femmes D'Artistes" (Artists' Wives). The next year "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné" won for Daudet the Jouy prize of the Académie Française, an organization which in later years was the object of his bitter contempt. In 1874 he became one of the editors of the "Journal Officiel." "Les Contes Choisis" and "Le Nabob: Moeurs Parisiennes" appeared in 1877, and "Les Rois en Exil" in 1879, and "Numa Roumestan" and "L'Évangéliste" in 1883. In 1884 this prolific author startled Paris with his sensational "Sapho" which he dedicated to his son when the latter became of age. It is to the dramatization of this novel that much of Daudet's fame as a dramatist is due. By "L'Immortal," a satire on the Académie Française, presented to the public in 1888, he prevented his own admission to membership in that body. Other novels written in the last years of his life are "Port Tarascon, Dernières Aventures de l'illustre Tartarin" (1890), "Rose and Ninette" (1892), "La Petite Paroisse" (1895), and "Soutien de Famille" (1896). He also wrote several books of a more serious nature. These include such works as "Trente

Ans de Paris" and "Souvenirs d'un Homme de Lettres." He died on the 16th of December, 1897. We are told that as a worker Daudet was spasmodic, but when once started would work as many as eighteen hours a day. He was a slow and laborious writer, and his work seemed never to satisfy him until it had passed through a number of revisions.

The two most important collections of Daudet's short-stories and sketches are the "Letters from My Mill" and the "Monday Tales." These he carefully revised and augmented by adding to them stories which first had place in other collections. Thus in "Letters from My Mill" are several pieces from the "Sketches and Landscapes" that originally followed "Robert Helmont," but are no longer found with it. So also he transferred to the "Monday Tales" stories from "Letters to an Absentee." As they now are the "Letters from My Mill" and "Monday Tales" contain together between sixty and seventy pieces. For this essay we have read not quite a third of this number (to be exact, just nineteen); yet these nineteen—twelve from the "Letters from My Mill" and the remaining seven from "Monday Tales"—comprise the best work of the master. They are as follows: from "Letters from My Mill,"—"The Beaucaire Diligence," "Master Cornille's Secret," "The Goat of Monsieur Seguin," "The Pope's Mule," "The Lighthouse of the Sanguinaires," "The Curé of Cucugnan," "Old Folks," "The Death of the Dauphin," "The Legend of the Man with the Golden Brain," "The Three Low Masses," "The Two Inns," and "The Elixer of the Reverend Father Gaucher"; and from "Monday Tales,"—"The Last Class," "The Game of Billiards," "The Child Spy," "Mothers," "The Siege of Berlin," "The Little Pies," and "The Pope is Dead."

To know Daudet through these short stories is to know him in what is perhaps his most charming capacity. It is already evident that a number of Daudet's elaborate novels are not standing the test of time. Those that will have the longest life are, perhaps, "Tartarin de Tarascon," "Sapho," and "The Nabob." But we confidently predict that Daudet's best short stories will delight generations of generations to come. As a collection immortality is practically assured to "Letters from My Mill." The same can not be said, however, of the "Monday Tales" as a whole, and much less of "Artists' Wives." For with the ex-

ception of such sketches as "The Last Class" and "The Siege of Berlin," these yield precedence to "Letters from My Mill." Daudet's two principal short story collections epitomize the main elements that have been found by critics in the man and his work.

The "Letters from My Mill" is, as has been said, Daudet's best collection of short stories. Here we have the poet, who, susceptible to all that is lovely, joyous, and sweetly pathetic in nature and humanity, wields his pen as an artist his brush, and with a few, deft, bewitching strokes depicts scene after scene glowing with living, vibrating colors, and permeated by the warm, sunny Provençal atmosphere. These letters are the most charming bits of writing we have from Daudet. The windmill, the author's local dwelling, or the Southern Setting, whether of Provence proper, of Corsica, or of Algeria, serve to give the collection an individuality and a kind of unity not possessed by the "Monday Tales." In Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse" we have somewhat of an analogue to "Letters from My Mill."

These stories, which admit us to such delightful intimacy with their author, were not happy inspirations penned on the spur of the moment by a fluent writer. His biographers tell us that these little masterpieces cost Daudet great effort, and that he put into them the best art he knew. It is said that he would spend a day evolving and perfecting a single sentence or paragraph. As a result of this nicety in workmanship he produced stories whose wonderful technique and indescribable charm are the marvel of all who read them. Who, once having read "The Beaucaire Diligence," does not remember the pitiful, shrinking figure of the wretched knife-grinder cowering beneath the brutal taunts and jeers of his fellow passengers? Or who can forget the old miller in "Master Cornille's Secret"?—a tale where pathos is, indeed, sweetly pathetic. The pleasing apologue of the wayward pet of Monsieur Seguin points its moral. The terrible vengeance of the Pope's mule is as comical to us as it was tragical to the worthy Tistet Védène. In "The Lighthouse of the Sanguinaires" we have a vivid, convincing account of the hard, lonely life of those who nightly mark the coastwise paths of marine travel. We admire with a touch of humor the singularly effective sermon of the good curé of Cucugnan. Truly it would be hard to find a more artistic word-

painted portrait of two old people than that given in "Old Folks." With what more penetrating irony has the nothingness of pomp and power been represented than in that sad, exquisite sketch, "The Death of the Dauphin." "The Man with the Golden Brain" is the bizarre composition of a rich imagination. There is grotesque humor, picturesque description, dramatic vigor, and an obvious moral in "The Three Low Masses," a narrative in three short parts. "The Two Inns" is entitled to rank as one of the most pathetic tales ever written. Finally, there is "The Elixir of the Reverend Father Gaucher" which, though a well-conceived story, is marred by its irreligious tone.

It is another Daudet, seen attractively to a marked but not to the fullest degree, whom we meet in the "Monday Tales." No longer do we know him as the blithe, romantic child of sunny Provence. Now seething Paris holds him, and not the peaceful Southland. The terrible days of the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune have left their impress on him: from poet and romanticist he has changed to the realist who views life in its sombre, tragic, and ironical phases. True, the poet and humorist do not entirely disappear, but contend with the satirist and the realist and the naturalist. It is from this second Daudet that the "Monday Tales" have their dominant character; for though there are pieces of fantastic humor, like "The Little Pies" or that recollection of childish mendacity with its striking river scene, "The Pope is Dead," it must be admitted that the collection takes its color from and is chiefly remembered by such sketches as "The Last Class," "The Siege of Berlin," "Mothers," and "The Child Spy." "The Last Class" and "The Siege of Berlin" are thought by the majority of Daudet's readers to be the most pathetic sketches he ever wrote; in fact, to us it is a matter of doubt whether there are any other stories in the whole field of literature which contain more and as poignant elements of pathos as these two. The "Monday Tales" include some very vivid descriptions of the grewsome sights of the siege of Paris, and form, as it were, a prelude to the realism of Daudet's later years. "The Game of Billiards" is a caustic satire on incompetency in high places.

Daudet belonged to the naturalistic school of French fiction, and stood among the foremost

leaders of French literature of the present day—with Coppé, De Maupassant, Renan, and Zola. His characters are taken from life, a fact which he does not try to conceal. He has been quoted as saying that rather than cease to work in that way he would stop writing. He was felicitous in the choice of his characters, and had the art of making his readers sympathize with them.

Though Daudet's works probably lose much by translation into English, they still retain sufficient elements of the original to enable us to appreciate the wonderful style that characterizes them. His best short-stories and sketches are all marked by a singular conciseness and brevity. In plot construction Daudet is the inferior of De Maupassant, but he surpasses the latter in the manner of telling a story. He "lacks the range and the tremendous overwhelming, titanic impressiveness of Balzac." He has, however, sustained power—power exercised by charm. This indefinable word "charm" best connotes the nature of his genius. Finally, Anatole France, speaking of the style of this writer, who has become a classic in his native language, says: "The style of Alphonse Daudet is that of a light supple *raconteur*. His sentences are subtle and sometimes end abruptly, yet when they do, one feels that they end in the smile or jest of the narrator. I am not always sure that they are well formed, but they flow and sparkle. In picturesque language he excels."

### The Spirit of Spring.

JACOB R. GEIGER, '12.

I was just finishing a picture when Jack entered my room. One glance was sufficient to tell me that he was having one of his "nightmares," as I called them. He dropped lazily into an easy-chair and looked about the room.

"Well, spring is here," he said by way of starting a conversation.

"So I noticed," I replied continuing my work.

"Now look here, Bill," he burst out, "you're an artist, that's why I came down here. I thought you might at least listen to me—that perhaps you felt somewhat the same as I do."

"Well, out with it; what's the matter now?"

"Oh, it's useless, Bill; I can't explain. I have such a queer, inexpressible feeling that—"

"Spring fever, a little work before and after

each meal. I feel the same. Is that all?" I added.

"No, it isn't spring fever, Bill, it's the spirit of spring. That feeling one has when one's soul is bursting with music one can not express, with poetry one can not find words to utter, with shapes and colors one can not reproduce."

"You're in love, man, what's her name?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, but not that way, Bill," he added. "I love everything—everything. It is all so beautiful—so grand,—so lovely,—so—Oh, I can not express myself I can not, it's no use."

"Whistle it then," was my next suggestion as I removed my drawing from the table.

"Have your little joke, but that's the way I feel. If it wasn't for denying the existence of my own individuality I would be a pantheist."

"Say, Jack, now what is the matter? You've raved long enough. Have you been to a concert?"

"No."

"Have you been reading poetry?"

"No."

"Then you've been examining some old masterpieces."

"I have not, and further more I—"

"Tut, tut, young man," I added. "Now you answer my questions."

"Have you been rambling all over this side of creation communing with nature again?"

"No more than usual."

"Perhaps you would feel better if you did some one of these. You know you work both ways,—ah, I have it. You take an evening off and we'll go out in society."

"I certainly will not," he exclaimed. "Do you know how I feel about society? I love it, but it doesn't last. It's like looking at a beautiful charcoal sketch and then have some big hairy hand smear it into a hideous smudge. It's like crushing violets. I can stand the ballroom if I can't see the drawing-room."

"Yes, you can; you haven't the ambition to leave it. Why—you—coward you, why in heaven's name don't you come down to earth? You have talent, goodness knows, more than I have. Why don't you use it? You can live in a drawing-room if you care to," I cried angrily. "You give me a pain."

"What's the use, Bill?" he asked softly, "I enjoy myself. The power of expression is all I crave, expression of the ideal. If I could set my thoughts down in color I could produce a masterpiece. I can live on little. What's the use

of this utilitarian struggle? I prefer idealism."

"Yes, you're good and lazy," I shouted, thoroughly angry. "You could make big money."

"Yes," he answered harshly. "And have some big-blooded journalist who doesn't know any more about art than a hog knows about Sunday tell me to do this or that in such and such a way and I will receive money for it. Money always; money is not synonymous with happiness. I am as happy as you dare be. If I work my head off and sacrifice ideals to make money, what is the good of it? I can't take it with me, can I?"

"No," I added. "You're partly right, but please come down to earth for a little while. I imagine you're broke as usual, so take this board and put your spring ideals upon it. You will find all my materials here. I must turn this plate into the engraver." As I reached the door I added: "I hope you'll find a girl who will pull you down from the clouds with a bang."

"All right, Bill," he added with a smile. "If I do you're to be best man. I haven't turned out a picture for months. I got a hundred for the last, but I'm broke now. Thanks awfully for the board."

I knew Jack, so I merely smiled and passed out. When I returned he was gone, so was the drawing. I never saw him for a week. One day as I passed the music hall I saw him coming out. He had a volume of Shelley under his arm. I noticed also that he had a new spring suit, a rather fine one. He climbed into a waiting automobile, and I heard him say to the driver, "To the country anywhere." I could not understand it. No one can understand Jack. He is a paradox. He goes rambling through the fields going into raptures over some landscape or sunset. He is an idealist, a dreamer. I think he needs a nurse. But finally I found out the reason for his present wealth. I opened a magazine one day and my eye fell upon a picture, and such a picture as it was! It was a pen sketch of a spring landscape. Sparsely leaved trees were bending before a strong breeze and clouds piled high roll upon roll folding over upon one another. I am not writer enough to make word-pictures, so I will use Jack's words. It was an inexpressible something. I instinctively looked for the artist's name—it was Jack's. The name of the picture was the "Spirit of Spring." If Jack and I were one we would make a fine artist.

## Varsity Verse.

ASHES.

WHEN the soul is distressed by storms born of  
sorrow,

And trial embitters the day,  
There's solace sweet in the thought that the morrow  
May see troubles all passed away.

But pleasures also that lighten our hours  
Must go with ruthless time,  
As when summer is o'er, lovely rose-covered bowers  
Lose the fragrance and charm of their prime.

O would that we lived in eternal gladness,  
Not as now among phantoms of joy,—  
When things of delight could not beget sadness  
And our pleasures destroy!

T. A. D.

SOME OLD-TIMERS.

"The senior class in cap and gown,"  
And "general permission to go to town,"—  
"The student body," the "P H square,"  
Must all be used with greatest care.  
But more old friends we're sure to find  
To work which still is most unkind,  
Yet surely one can not forget  
The phrases one has often met,  
As, for example, "may I go,"  
And "the wandering brooks o'er pebbles, flow,"  
Which oft in verses have been scanned,  
But now like others should be "canned."

L. J. K.

DREAMS.

I thought I heard her dainty tread  
Upon the matted forest leaves,  
Down near the shaded fountain head,  
Among the aged, bending trees.

I thought I heard her speak to me,  
And slowly even turned to look.  
I saw her 'neath an old pine tree,  
Across the rippling, laughing brook.

She beckoned me, I could not rise;  
She called, I looked, but answered not.  
A hazy mist came o'er my eyes;  
I slept and soon the dream forgot.

F. C. S.

MEDITATION.

Can I play on the ocean strand  
With Tommy and Etta Oday?  
Can I fly my kite o'er the land  
Or play hide-and-go-seek on the quay?

Can I have my games in the arbor  
With Mother and David and May?  
Or go sailing out of the harbor  
To fish with the men in the bay?

Oh, these joys of my youth, now o'er,  
Will never come back to me,—  
For they sailed long ago from the shore  
With my good ships across the sea.

R. J. S.

## The Turn of the Tide.

ARTHUR J. HAYES, '15.

Broadly speaking, the only good Indian may be a dead Indian, but the ancient aspersion upon red men other than deceased, found no responsive chord in the heart of a grizzled old backwoodsman who sat gazing moodily out of his cabin window upon the endless procession of pine logs floating lazily down the Rainy River. Ever and anon he would rise slowly to his feet and open the door from which he could scrutinize a trail that hugged the southern shore of the stream. The non-appearance of travelers thereon seemed only partially to reassure him. Re-entering the room he would pace up and down over the creaking floor while giving vent to sundry remarks upon copper-hued cussedness, frequently interspersed with melifluous oaths.

A glance into the adjoining room would reveal the cause for Phelps's perturbed state of mind. Huddled in a vile-smelling bunk, an old Chippewa struggled for breath and clawed feebly at his throat as if to loosen from their vise-like clamp, the fingers of impending death. His frame in the heyday of youth might have borne one hundred and eighty pounds of bone and muscle, his height should have been six feet three, and his eyes the hard, brilliant black of the primitive aborigine.

Now his great frame was but a torture-racked skeleton enveloped in an ill-fitting coppery skin, and the eyes which stared with such awful intensity at the ceiling, were unseeing, for the eyeballs had shrunk and hardened into a ghastly, opaque gray mass. He respired with a horrible snarling sound, and the fleshless hands, with their swollen knuckles, opened and clenched convulsively. Nas-ti-go-way was certainly dying, but aside from his strained breathing, he made no sound. Like all of his race he exhibited their cardinal virtue, the ability to die game.

"It's sure a fright how peppermint gets the red devils," soliloquized Phelps, but his voice expressed not the slightest concern for the dying wretch, prematurely aged and blinded, through indulgence in essence of peppermint, lemon extract, and alcohol in all its vilest forms. The old trapper, trader and boot-legger had

never thought it worth his while to consider the moral and physical consequences of alcohol upon the Indians. He knew, however, that the selling of intoxicants to government wards was a practice that the Federal authorities sought to bring into disrepute through the expedient of prison terms not exceeding five years. What overtopped and outweighed this consideration, however, was the fact that any Indian impelled by his insatiable craving for firewater, would barter a thirty-dollar otter skin for three cents' worth of rotten liquor. When the habitues of his illicit "booze joint" went blind from essence of peppermint and died from the poison he doled out in exchange for pelts, he philosophically ascribed it to their "innate cussedness." Formerly one buried them anywhere with no questions asked, but of late the coroner, at the instigation of a renowned U. S. marshal, had inaugurated the practice of requiring burial permits and other irksome civilized procedures. Kirtland on the Little Fork had but recently been "caught with the goods," another peppermint case, and was forthwith guaranteed a five years' residence at Fort Leavenworth, with board, lodging, and striped tailored effects, supplied gratis by a paternal government.

In the face of these disquieting developments it was wholly natural that Phelps should earnestly desire Nas-ti-go-way's presence elsewhere. But Nas-ti-go-way's last pitiful groping walk was already past tense, and even as he watched him, Phelps saw the old Chippewa's form relax and jaw drop, with a sag always the unerring portent of death.

Panic seized the old trapper, not caused by the advent of the dread phenomenon, but rather by the fear that the door might open at any moment to reveal a little, kindly faced, old man in government blue.

But the Marshal was otherwise engaged, and the only visitor was a weazened faced, bow-legged buck. The unprepossessing caller accepted eagerly the proffered glass, but when Phelps proposed that he take the corpse to an unfrequented island twenty miles out into Lake of the Woods, the bow-legged non-abstainer declined in hoarse gutturals.

The Evil Spirit he explained in the native tongue, would shortly arrive to acquire the soul of Nas-ti-go-way, and finding both out on the heaving bosom of Lake of the Woods, wouldn't be at all averse to appropriating a

living Indian also. The reputation of the evil one would have been assailed at greater length, but the trapper well knowing that argument and inducement were alike unavailing, propelled his visitor through the single door with a few well-directed kicks.

Having no other resort, he soon decided to go to Benton that afternoon, ostensibly for supplies. Half way across Lake of the Woods, free from detection, he would cast over board the earthly remains of another voyager to the Happy Hunting grounds.

His plan succeeded admirably. Nine miles from nearest land he slowed down his launch and callously hurled the canvas-covered form into the lake.

It sank with a few gurgles, and the launch again puffed fussily toward Benton. Had he looked back, however, he would have observed the tarpaulin covering had disengaged itself from the body and was floating soddenly on the surface of the lake.

He spent a riotously drunken week in Benton, setting out upon the return journey about nine o'clock in the evening. It was a rainy, gusty night and the cool, damp air brought grateful relief to his bloodshot eyes and aching head. The hum of the motor, and the steady swish of the water as the pointed bows cleaved through the waves, lulled him into uneasy slumber. The red light on his port bow flickered and went out.

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The eagle-eyed wheelsman on the steam tug, Crystal Wave, peering from the pilot house, felt a slight jar run through the boat, and turned to the captain with the remark that it was the third boom log hit that night. The siren wailed another warning, and the Crystal Wave rushed on through the darkness.

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Phelps had awakened just in time to see the huge bows of the big tug loom up on his port quarter, and his hoarse cry of warning was drowned in the crash of splintering wood. The roar of wind and waves smothered his calls for assistance, and his shattered launch soon filled and settled under him. The strangling waters of the lake closed over him coldly, and when his head again appeared above the waves he was thoroughly sober and in abject terror. A week of dissipation is poor preparation for a long swim, but with courage and strength born of his desperate plight he

struck out for the shore he knew to be miles away.

It had ceased raining and the black chill waters of the lake heaved in a five-foot swell. With rapidly failing strength he struggled on, and was about to give up in despair when a sudden rift in the clouds inspired him with renewed hope.

A few hundred feet to his right, a black object bobbed up and down upon the undulating water. He reflected instantly that it could be nothing but a white pine log, escaped from some broken boom. Mustering the failing remnants of his endurance he swam wearily toward his only hope of safety. But half conscious from his final effort, he grasped at the heaving object, that even in his dazed condition seemed strangely small for a log. A thrill of horror ran through him. He had clutched what seemed to be wet, coarse hair. A ray of moonlight fell full upon the thing. A single awful shriek carried weirdly across the heaving bosom of the lake before he sank, for the single ray of moonlight had revealed a grotesquely bloated face. It had seemed to leer horribly, and out of it stared with awful fixity two shrunken eyes. And they were hard, opaque and gray.

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#### Life's Asides.

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JOHN T. BURNS, '12.

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The rear door of the dilapidated old monastery opened slowly, and an old man came out upon the veranda. His gaze was fixed upon a wee child of seven, a tiny girl in red cloak and hood, who was looking up at him appealingly. He was about to speak when the sound of the noonday bell drifted faintly to his ears. The old man, standing there in the midday calm, threw back the heavy cape which covered his weazened body; then raising his horny hand to his head he removed the small, round, velvety cap which rested on his touseled silver-gray hair, and bowing his head he remained motionless for some seconds. It had been his custom, as that of many of the older generation, to pause at the ringing of the Angelus to offer up a silent prayer.

The child, evidently acquainted with the eccentricities of the aged one, made no move to interrupt him, though a glance told that the body of the unkempt child was shivering, for it was very, very cold.

Having finished his prayer the old man replaced the cap upon his head; then taking the tiny one by the arm he descended the monastery steps, and in silence the two slowly made their way through the snow to the store which had occupied the aged one for more than forty years, and which was now of all things, next to his religion, dearest to his heart.

The old man entered the store, returning in a few minutes with a package which he tucked beneath the child's arm, then in silence he again turned to his task.

To the ordinary passerby, there was nothing of significance in this seemingly trifling affair, but to Darrow, standing near, there came in an instant numerous ideas. The faint speck of light—visible only to the keen observer—which flickered for a moment in the old man's face suggested to the younger one some of the feelings hidden in the calloused frame of the stern-visaged store-keeper.

Darrow resolved to know what lay beneath that rough exterior. But how? He inquired of many who came to the old man's store what method of approach would best win the friendliness of this strange, strange character; but from each he received a decided shake of the head, accompanied with a throwing up of hands. They could offer no solution; they knew he was honest, was very religious, but he had few words with anyone.

Later he sought out the child, but, true to his expectations, she could furnish no clue to the old man's heart. "He's nice—O very, very nice," she said; "nice things he always has for me, and then he gives me things for mamma, which, she tells me are very useful." "But how," asked Darrow, "came you to know this man?"

"Well," replied the child hesitatingly, "you see, I was playing in the grounds near the monastery when my godfather, as I now call him, came along bent over as he always is, and muttering to himself in German. I used to talk German with papa,—mamma doesn't speak German, you know, 'cause she isn't my real mamma—but after papa died I had no one to speak to, except in English, and that made me very, very lonesome; 'cause I dearly love to speak German. So when I heard him, I ran along beside him and talked—O ever so fast. He didn't seem to notice me, but I didn't care especially, 'cause I knew he understood.

"After that I met him every day, and some-



times he talked with me in German, but he never told me anything about himself. Mamma calls him a "Luxburg,"—whatever that means—and I do hope it means something nice."

Darrow though not delighted with the results of his visit thought that he too, being a Luxembourger, might draw the old man into a conversation by passing some remarks concerning his home in that far-off borderland region.

The next day Darrow went to the store, and while purchasing some trifles casually remarked in German that in a few days he was to return to the Luxembourg district. The old man's face became radiant. He smiled, talked, chuckled, and smiled again. Luxembourg of all the places in the world. In Luxembourg he had brothers and sisters whom he had not seen for over forty years. Would the young man, when he went, carry a message to these dear ones? He was assured that Darrow would.

Darrow then led him on to relate the story of his interest in the child. The storekeeper told of their first meeting, confirming the story of the little one. He didn't know how to talk to her, for he had not talked to children in many, many years. But how he loved to hear her chatter, for of all the children he had seen, she was the first, who, in a strange land, still clung lovingly to the tongue of her father and mother. How a child could like another tongue was beyond the old man's reason. It was this fancy of the wee one that drew her ever closer to the old man's heart.

"I am going to school her in this country," he said, "and then when she grows up, and I have more money, I shall send her to Europe to complete her education, and to the Luxembourg district, that she may see the country I so dearly love."

Years passed since Darrow had seen the little weazened-faced old man who had once so greatly excited his curiosity. During the interval, Darrow, the care-free, had learned much of sorrow. He had drunk from the bitter cup, but at the thought of the old storekeeper, the sorrow and the years were banished from his countenance. His face lit up with joy at the thought of again seeing and conversing with the large-hearted old soul, and perhaps of learning something of the wee one who by this time had grown to womanhood.

He arrived at the store at dusk. His friend,

more feeble and stooped than formerly, was moving about slowly in the dimly-lighted room. He looked up at Darrow's approach, then resumed his task.

Darrow was taken aback by this seeming repulsion. The troubles of bygone years again took possession of him. Downcast was he when he thought his former friend no longer cared to know him. It was in tones of sadness that he addressed the storekeeper.

At sound of the younger one's voice, the old man started up. His face became radiant for an instant, then again grew sad. His eyes had grown dim, he said to excuse his seeming rudeness, and his heart had grown heavy since misfortunes had come upon him. The little girl, so dear to him, had almost completed her course, when, growing tired of the routine, she asked permission to leave.

The aged one, accustomed to give way to her desires, allowed her to do so. He thought it but the whim of a moment, and that soon she would return to the little school which had already given her so much. During the vacation, for as such he looked upon it, he asked her to visit the Luxembourg district, that she might familiarize herself with all that was dear to him, and thus, on her return, delight him hour after hour by recounting the old scenes and the old peoples.

She had promised, each letter assuring him that soon she would start for his fatherland—and he believed her implicitly, though her letters came less and less often. Though his heart ached because of her seeming forgetfulness he had not the courage to rebuke her. Then suddenly her letters ceased.

From that time on, the little German declined. The store saw him less often than before. His only consolation was in his prayers—prayers that no evil might befall the child of his love. And then one day, through the papers, came an account of a murder. A name was all it gave, but that one name was sufficient to change his dream child from a lovely vision in white to a loathsome woman steeped in blood.

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"THE most inspiring sight in Nature is a beautiful sunrise, but they who behold it day by day are not shot through and through with the thrill of a world awakening from the darkness and silence of death to the light and jubilation of life."

# Notre Dame Scholastic

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—No month in the scholastic year is more delightful, perhaps, than May. It is certain that none seems to pass so quickly. The leaves again shade the many graceful walks about the University. The flowers bloom cheerfully in the big beds on the campus. The April chill and rains are departed, and the weather is generally warm and inviting. St. Joseph's Lake is filled with hot but happy swimmers who seek the enjoyment that its cool waters afford. The diamonds are unoccupied only during study time, and then, it seems, perforce. In the evening the cool grass invites us to loll upon it, even at the risk of subsequent disaster to our physiological make-up. And later the church bell tolls solemnly, calling us to the daily evening devotions in honor of the Virgin Mother whose month it is.

What a time for relaxation! How tempting it is then to just do nothing, unless by action we can contribute to our enjoyment of the time. Yet May is the last full month of the school year,—the time when our work counts for more, perhaps, than at any other. Alas, the spirit asks much of the poor flesh these days! But obey it must, for Notre Dame is neither in reputation nor in fact a summer resort.

—Each season of the year has its own well-worn phrases. Usually we all take refuge under them when we are peddling small-talk.

Chief among this season's output is, of course, "When will the 'Dome' be out?" Consider that sentence carefully. Treasure it. Many a chasm of embarrassing silence may be bridged with its aid. It will prove a fine substitute for something to say, especially if you are so clever as to introduce the sentence by a puzzled "I wonder."

But to descend from our high-stool of conceit, when you begin to speak of the "Dome," begin at the ground, and ask "Who are editing this year's 'Dome?'" Give part of your thoughts to those students who are pushing forward in this annual work. They deserve recognition. We ought to acknowledge their efforts now instead of idly waiting for the appearance of the "Dome" and then forgetting those who compiled it. There is not certainly so much honor in being an editor of the year-book that one can disregard the labor and inconveniences of the employment. It is really laborious; let it be also meritorious. Perhaps you have not noticed the editor-in-chief whisking about the grounds, worrying the notables with his kodak. Perhaps you have not spied the business manager trudging through the city canvassing advertisements. Perhaps you seldom think of the sacrifices and annoyances which each member of the "Dome" Board has borne in preparing the volume. It is a sort of heroism. The mass of students are recreating their energies idling in the sun, while the "Dome" Editors give up their usual diversions to provide more entertainment for the mass. When you are reading the "Dome" this year recall whose product it is, and praise ungrudgingly. So much rant is heard about "college spirit," here you have a genuine example of sane college spirit. Appreciate it.

—Over sixteen hundred lives were lost in the great *Titanic* disaster, because that ship was not prepared for the accident. Over sixteen hundred lives were sacrificed to the carelessness of a steamship company, and yet this oversight, this negligence, this sinful hazarding, has never, up to the

present time been considered reprehensible. Experience is indeed a worthy teacher, but it is often a harsh and exacting one. An experience which costs the lives of so many, as did this last great ocean disaster, is not so much the teacher as the avenger. It is an unrelenting Nemesis following in the path of wicked negligence. On every side of us, at almost every turn in life, we are met with the same stern edict, "Be Prepared." To laugh in the face of such an edict is to defy the most exacting law of preservation. We have had experiences enough in the past to teach us, and our common foresight shows us that when we place ourselves in any peril, it is of the highest importance to prepare against the worst. If we scorn such precautions, we are nothing less than gamblers, gamblers of the most rabid type, staking human lives against the single hazard of a die. It may mean greater expense to the steamship companies; it may mean a diminution of speed, but of what consideration are these losses when placed in contradistinction to a human life! To be thoroughly prepared may seem an exaggerated safeguard once the course is travelled in safety, but this makes it none the less necessary. Lack of preparation may surely enough bring experience, but when that experience means death it is best, nay essential, to be prepared.

#### Two Lectures by Doctor Walsh.

Dr. Walsh lectured last Tuesday on Leonardo da Vinci, and, as usual in his treatment of any subject, shed a great deal of light on the work of this greatest and most versatile of the geniuses of the Renaissance. Da Vinci is too often regarded only as a painter—one of the greatest to be sure,—but even this is not giving him his due. He was equally great as a sculptor, and, something unusual for an artist, was also a practical and excellent engineer and inventor. His paintings were at first only portraits and finally purely idealistic ones. He gave to the world, among others, the "Mona Lisa" and his famous "Last Supper," which has been called "a school of art" for all men. This latter painting is finished with an attention to detail expected only of painters of a century later. As an engineer his work was principally the construction of canals which so far surpassed anything previously attempted in that line, as the Panama canal does any like project in

modern times. Moreover, he invented much of the mechanism needed to complete his great work.

The lecture Wednesday was on Sir. Thomas More, Chancellor of England under Henry VIII. As Leonardo da Vinci represented the highest type of intellectual greatness during the period of the Renaissance, so did More, while possessing great intellectual powers, represent the highest development of the will. So great was his regard for duty and so strong his determination to do what to him seemed right, that, despite the example of nearly all the hierarchy and clergy of the land he refused to take the Oath of Supremacy and paid his life for his steadfastness.

#### The Farland-Plectrio Concert.

A concert by A. A. Farland banjoist and the Plectrio was the attraction Thursday night. Some of the selections were very well rendered, while others at least succeeded in keeping the audience in a high state of good humor. The instruments used by the trio in this concert afforded a change from the general run of such entertainments. A mando-cello solo by Wm. E. Foster was perhaps the best liked number of the program, while a half dozen solos on the banjo by A. A. Farland were also well received.

#### Addition to Museum of Natural History.

Last summer Father Kirsch, the Curator of the Notre Dame Museum of Natural History, spent a month in Cincinnati in the study of the Cincinnati epoch of the Ordovician Period of Geology, and collected a few of the fossils of that period. During his stay in the city he met an old and indefatigable collector of fossils in the person of Mr. Fred Stetter, who had been collecting specimens of the Cincinnati formation for over thirty years, and with singular generosity Mr. Stetter presented his entire collection to the Museum of Notre Dame. Wherever a new street or quarry was opened or a new railroad cut or excavation made, thither Mr. Stetter was sure to go in order to collect the remains of primitive life; and thus his collection grew to become now very valuable. Four months our Professor of Geology spent in classifying the specimens, and they are now

about ready to be placed on the shelves of the museum.

The example given by Mr. Stetter is worthy of imitation; and hence the Director of the museum makes an appeal to the friends and graduates of Notre Dame to send him any specimens in Natural History they may have or be able to secure.

In sending such specimens please address,  
The Museum, Notre Dame University,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.  
Care of Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C.

#### P. A. Barry Gets Fourth Place.

The State Peace Oratorical contest was held at Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, last Friday, April 19, 1912. Nine orations were delivered and were judged by Prof. William P. Rogers, Cincinnati Law School; Prof. Blanchard, Ohio State University; and John Lapp, State Librarian of Indiana. First place was awarded to Elihu Jenkins of Earlham College with the subject, "International Justice and World Peace." Mr. Bryon Price of Wabash College was second, having for his theme, "The Philosophy of Peace."

Mr. P. A. Barry, who represented Notre Dame, was fourth. The subject of Mr. Barry's oration was "The Peace Movement and the School." Some considerable surprise was felt when Wabash was given second place by the judges, as many in the audience were of opinion Mr. Bryon deserved first. Considering that it was Mr. Barry's initial appearance, his showing was very satisfactory.

#### Knights of Columbus Initiation.

Sunday was an important day for the Knights of Columbus of Northern Indiana. The various councils presented candidates for the second and third degrees given by the South Bend and Fort Wayne teams to the number of some eighty.

At half-past ten all the members and candidates assembled at St. Patrick's church where mass was celebrated by the Rev. J. A. Nieuwland, C. S. C., of the University. A very impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. John F. De Groote, C. S. C., pastor. Taking as his theme the words of Christ, "There shall be one fold and one Shepherd," he showed

that the Church had withstood all opposition since it was founded. Materialism and atheism were never more popular than today. But the knights of old fought the infidel, so the knights of today must war against the enemies of the Church. Father De Groote's words received undivided attention.

The second degree was exemplified by a team from South Bend, and the work was pronounced the best in years. District Deputy Charles M. Neizer of Fort Wayne, a former University student, with his staff, worked in the third degree with the greatest success.

Nearly three hundred members enjoyed the banquet at the Oliver and listened with much interest to the after-dinner program. F. Henry Wurzer of South Bend was toastmaster and called upon the following: Prof. J. F. Hines, Grand Knight, Notre Dame Council, "Obedience to Law;" Rev. J. F. De Groote, C. S. C., Chaplain, South Bend Council, "Providing for the Future;" Mr. J. F. Kelley, Deputy-Grand Knight of Laporte Council, "Early Discoveries;" Rev. M. A. Schumacher, C. S. C., State Chaplain, "The Order;" Mr. George Sands, South Bend Council, "Knighthood and Citizenship."

Thirty-one candidates of Notre Dame Council, the biggest class of all the councils, were presented. They are as follows: J. T. Mackin, F. Breslin, W. McGuire, J. McCague, H. Dockweiler, A. Kuhle, T. Dockweiler, A. Zweck, J. Lynch, W. Fish, W. Carrico, M. Dunne, J. Mangan, R. Milroy; W. Hicks, P. O'Brien, J. Matthews, L. McDonald, L. Lane, F. Hafey, J. Birder, W. McGarry, W. Milroy, J. O'Connell, E. Kane, W. McMahon, C. Mann, M. Curry, T. Curry, E. McCamic and M. Oshe.

Many knights from St. Joseph, Dowagiac, Battle Creek, Fort Wayne, Elkhart and Laporte were present for the exemplification. Mr. Fox, State Deputy of Indiana, spoke briefly both at the initiation and the banquet. Rev. Father Doyle, State-Chaplain of Michigan, uttered some timely thoughts on the future work of the knights.

Notre Dame is to be congratulated upon the success of her council. Although it is the first of its kind to be established, the wisdom of those who secured the charter is greatly emphasized. With a large membership and flourishing condition it gives promise of a long life.

### Obituary.

Mr. Fred J. Stewart (C. E. '12) has the sympathy of the University in the death of his father who passed away at his home in Baraboo, Wisconsin, last week. Mr. Stewart was a gentleman most highly respected over the whole state and his loss will be grievously felt by all who knew him.

### Personals.

—Archbishop Alexander Christie, D. D., of Portland, Oregon, was a visitor at the University last week. His Grace, accompanied by the Very Reverend Provincial, Father Morrissey, left last Monday for Portland.

—"Dick" Wilson, (Ph. G. '08) is now employed by the R. T. Crane Company of Chicago.

—Frank McNally of Chicago (student '09) was another "old boy" at the K. of C. function.

—Mr. William Fox, of Indianapolis State Deputy Grand Knight of the K. of C., was at the University Sunday last.

—Byron V. Kanaley (A. B. '04) of Chicago, was a visitor at the University last Sunday. Byron expects to once more lead the Alumni baseball team to victory in June.

—Mr. Stewart Graham, old student of Chicago, attended the K. of C. initiation last Sunday. Stewart is city salesman of the Chicago branch of the Waverly Electric Vehicle Company.

—Mr. Daniel P. Murphy (A. B. '95, LL. M. '97) of New York City, President of the Alumni Association, called at the University last week. Dan came West on a business trip, but found time to pay a visit to Notre Dame.

—Friends of Joseph D. Sinnott (E. E. '08) will note a change in his address from 303 South Avenue, Wilkinsburg, Pa., to 1005 West Main Street, Medford, Oregon. Joe is connected with the California-Oregon Power Company.

—Wales E. Finnegan (Short Electrical, '10) has been recently appointed local manager of the Regina, Province of Saskatchewan, plant of the Electric Light and Power Company of Saskatchewan, Canada. Wales has been in the employ of this company only since last June, but it is evident that he has "made good." Congratulations, Wales!

### Calendar.

Sunday, April 28—Brownson vs. St. Joseph in baseball  
Monday, April 29—Varsity vs. Rose Polytechnic in baseball, here.  
Tuesday, April 30—Opening of May Devotions, 7:30.  
Wednesday, May 1—Bi-Monthly Examinations.  
Thursday, May 2—Corby vs. Walsh in baseball.  
First Friday Confessions.  
Friday, May 3—First Friday.  
Bi-Monthly Examinations.  
Saturday, May 4—Varsity vs. DePaul University in baseball, here.  
Brownson-St. Joseph Debate.  
May devotions, 7:30 p. m.

### Examinations.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1912.  
Classes taught at 8:15 a. m. and 10:15 a. m. will be examined at 8:00 a. m. and 10:30 a. m. respectively.  
Classes taught at 1:15 p. m. and 2:00 p. m. will be examined at 1:30 p. m. and 4:30 p. m. respectively.  
FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1912.  
Classes taught at 9:00 a. m. and 11:10 a. m. will be examined at 8:00 a. m. and 10:30 a. m. respectively.  
Classes taught at 2:45 p. m. will be examined at 1:15 p. m.  
Christian Doctrine classes will be examined at 2:45 p. m.

### Local News.

—The annual student vaudeville will be staged about the middle of May.

—The traditional devotions for the month of May will open next Tuesday evening.

—Saturday, May 4, has been fixed as the date for the Brownson-St. Joseph hall debate.

—Brownson is filling handsomely these spring days. Sorin has a good representation, thank you.

—The surest sign of spring is the fact that every available diamond is occupied during "rec" hours.

—Father Oswald has put the Latin III. class on a menu of syntax, and weekly Latin essays are required.

—All the crews are about organized and the regular daily practice for the commencement regatta will begin this week.

—Walsh won from Bowen high school on Tuesday by a score of 9 to 0, and lost to South Bend high school Thursday, 6-4.

—It is gratifying to note that both Lake St. Mary and lake St. Joseph have risen some

three or four feet within the past few weeks.

—The Preparatory Athletic Association has rounded a team into shape and will open the season at Mishawaka this afternoon.

—The ethics class is to devote the last two months of the year to an intensive study of socialism. Father Cathrein's text will probably be used.

—It is reported that a course in economics is to be made hereafter a prerequisite for a degree in the engineering colleges of the University.

—The President of the University has received an application for a young man to assume the principalship of a school in Iowa. The school is located in an ideal community.

—A new baseball diamond has been laid out back of Walsh and in front of St. Joseph halls. It is conjectured that the students of these halls will have half shares in property and belongings.

—The Varsity lost the second game to Arkansas Thursday by the score of 5-6. The final game yesterday was of a sensational character, the Varsity scoring the four runs necessary to win in the final round when the men from the South felt they had the game sewed away. Score, 10-9.

—Sunday marked the opening of the Inter-hall baseball season and incidentally the advent of Walsh upon the map. After the battle the Walsh men departed, leaving those most nearly concerned to wonder how it all happened. After all the strikeouts, hits, etc., had been recorded it was seen that Walsh won the game handily by the score of 8 to 4. Brownson was credited with more hits, but the pitchers were too liberal in passes. These coupled with wallops by Walsh at opportune times brought about defeat. Again Walsh was fresh from contests with the South Bend and Chicago high schools and took advantage of any loose playing by opponents. Krajewski of Brownson was the star of the afternoon with three hits to his credit, but these did not count for much as he could not be advanced. Lathrop, Baujan and McNichol were also handy with the stick, each getting a pretty double. Both hurlers pitched excellent ball for the beginning of the season, but "Speed" Ryan was the more reliable especially in the tight places and had a little more "pep"—yes, sirs! McQuade, however, was watched by several league scouts and favorably impressed them.

### Athletic Notes.

#### A TIE WITH GRAND RAPIDS.

Grand Rapids was forced to content itself with the even end of a tie, 9 to 9, on the 19th. The Varsity showed the old gold and blue fighting spirit in the contest, overcoming a lead of seven runs after the battle had apparently been won by the leaguers. Wells twirled the entire game, and except for the disastrous third round, showed good control. Two home runs by Williams were the features.

Grand Rapids	.....	2 0 6 0 0 0 1 0	—	9 9 1
Notre Dame	.....	1 0 0 2 4 0 2 0	—	9 9 2

Batteries—Wells and Guppy; Myers, Lindsey and Weeks. Struck out—By Wells, 3; by Myers, 2. Home runs—Williams (2). Three-base hits—Farrell, Schmick, Lejeune. Two base hits—O'Connell, Arnfield, Lejeune, Hadley, Craven.

#### A TIE WITH SOUTH BEND.

Two runs in the ninth inning of Saturday's game enabled South Bend to tie the score in the last exhibition game of the season, depriving the Varsity of a victory earned by consistent play.

South Bend	.....	0 0 0 0 0 2 1 0 2	—	5 10 2
Notre Dame	.....	0 2 0 0 0 2 1 0 0	—	5 7 1

Batteries—Notre Dame, Kelly and Gray; South Bend, Pfyfe, Smith, Phelan, Tieman, Harris. Struck out—By Smith, 7; by Pfyfe, 2; By Kelly, 4. Bases on balls—Off Smith, 2; off Pfyfe, 1; off Kelly, 1. Three base hits—Granfield, Kelly. Two-base hits—Tannehill, Shock, Arndt, Goodrich.

#### KENTUCKY TROUNCED BY GLORY!

Notre Dame cleanly outclassed the University of Kentucky in a wild game of baseball last Tuesday when the visitors from the blue grass region were forced to content themselves with the short end of a 15 to 2 score. Crude fielding marked the play of the Kentuckians at critical stages. Seven errors, most of which resulted in runs ultimately, made the error column one of the most imposing features of the invader's record. The weak support worked upon Robins, who twirled the first four innings, and ended in the last session of his reign in seven bingles which netted eight tallies.

Perfect form in the field and at bat was evinced by the Varsity. The departure of Coach Ed Smith, who left Tuesday to pilot the Grand Rapids team through the Central league season, gave Fred Erickson an opportunity to display his knowledge of inside baseball, and the ex-assistant directed affairs in major league style. Wells pitched the entire game for Notre Dame, and after the

first inning, when a pair of hits hinted at a score, held the safeties well scattered. The southpaw was unfortunate in that three of the visitors were hit, Robins receiving a blow that forced him out of the game.

The tallies of the Southerners in the fifth followed Robins' injury. Beatty ran for the pitcher. Wright drew a pass and Burness' sacrifice advanced both men. Meadors beat out a slow grounder along first base, and Reed scored Beatty and Wright with a single to centre.

Robins' ascension took place in the fourth when 14 batters faced the pitcher. Captain Williams took batting honors for the day with a quartet of bingles. The speed of the lanky leader is serving him well in beating out infield grounders that would mean certain death for any other man on the team. Summary:

Kentucky	R	H	P	A	E
Wright, ss.	1	2	2	2	2
Burness, 2b.	0	0	3	0	0
Meadors, rf.	0	1	0	0	0
Reed, c.	0	2	4	1	1
Gower, c.	0	0	4	0	0
Parks, lf.	0	1	1	0	0
Preston, 3b.	0	0	0	1	3
Young, 1b.	0	1	6	0	0
Scott, cf.	0	0	1	2	0
Robins, p.	0	0	0	2	1
Beatty, p.	1	0	0	1	0
<b>Total</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>7</b>
Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
O'Connell, ss.	1	1	3	1	0
Farrell, 1b.	2	0	12	0	0
Dolan, lf.	1	0	0	0	0
Williams, cf.	4	4	1	0	0
Granfield, 3b.	2	1	0	2	0
Arnfield, 2b.	3	2	3	2	0
Regan, lf.	1	2	0	0	0
Gray, c.	0	2	5	0	0
Wells, p.	1	1	0	5	0
<b>Total</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>0</b>

University of Kentucky.....	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	—	2
Notre Dame .....	0	2	4	8	1	0	0	*	—	15

Struck out—By Wells, 3; by Robins, 5; by Beatty, 4. Bases on balls—Off Wells, 1; off Robins, 3. Hit by pitched ball—Burness, Preston, Robins, Scott. Passed balls—Gower. Two-base hits—Arnfield (2); Williams, Umpire, Hamilton. Time of game, 1 hour 45 minutes.

HUGO GETS HIS IN FIRST.

Hugo Bezdek and his band of Razorbacks from the wilds of Arkansas felt the sting of defeat last Wednesday in the first of a three-game series, won by the Varsity by the unusual score of 11 to 2. Arkansas' record against Notre Dame in past years is one of the thorns in the side of the gold and blue baseball history, and the unmerciful whaling of our strongest

rival softens the memory of the pair of victories gleaned by the Arkansans last spring.

It was a case of too much baseball for the visitors. The team has been on the road for the past week and a quick jump from Champaign where they split even in a series with Illinois, affected the playing of every man in the lineup. That fact in no way detracts from the beauty of the Varsity's performance. The team was going at its best, as the record of 15 hits testifies, while the defense put up by Kelly's mates made the task of the pitcher comparatively easy.

Kelly made an impressive appearance in collegiate baseball circles. The southpaw inter-hall graduate had everything, and he fed the offerings in such varied styles that Arkansas never had a chance to chew.

Hinton had little of the stuff that enabled him to hold the Varsity to a measly two hits lass year when he won the second game of the series.

Several of Coach Bezdek's pupils worked mightily with the willow, Davis landing safely on three occasions, while Norcott obtained a pair of bingles; but to Granfield, Arnfield and Regan goes the major share of the swatting honors. Two of Arnfield's bingles were for extra bases, and a complete circuit marked one of Granfield's drives.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
O'Connell, ss.	1	2	0	1	0
Farrell, 1b.	0	0	10	0	0
Dolan, rf.	0	1	2	0	0
Williams, cf.	2	2	1	0	0
Granfield, 3b.	3	3	3	3	1
Arnfield, 2b.	1	3	2	2	0
Regan, lf.	2	3	0	0	0
Gray, c.	1	1	9	1	0
Kelly, p.	1	0	0	4	0

<b>Total</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>1</b>
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University of Arkansas	R	H	P	A	E
Shacklin, ss	1	1	0	1	1
Davis, lf.	1	3	0	0	0
Wood, 1b.	0	0	10	1	0
Cypert, 3b.	0	1	1	0	4
Highfield, 2b.	0	0	0	6	3
Stout, c.	0	1	9	2	1
Norcott, cf.	0	2	1	0	0
Black, rf.	0	1	1	0	1
Hinton, p.	0	0	2	3	0

<b>Total</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>10</b>
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University of Arkansas.....	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	—	2
Notre Dame .....	0	1	1	1	1	0	6	1	*	11

Home run—Granfield. Three-base hit—Arnfield. Two-base hit—Arnfield, Shacklin. Double play—Granfield to Farrell. Struck out—By Kelly, 8; by Hinton, 9. Bases on balls—Off Kelly, 1; off Hinton 1. Umpire, Hamilton.

### Safety Valve.

We have suspended the publication of These Columns for two weeks owing to a two weeks' suspension. Some Euphuism, eh? O you John Lyly.

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Some of the *Scholastic* poetry, hints Miss *Chimes* of the Forbidden Palace, is not inspired of the Muse. Look out there, you queen, and quit kickin' our potes aroun'!

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Don't infer that the Junior crew is out of the race because not in the lake, or vice versa. It's early.

#### SOCIETIES.

##### *The Skivers' Club.*

On Wednesday evening at the Usual hour the Skivers' Club held the Usual interesting meeting at the Usual place. Mr. Ed. Roach presided with Mr. Whif Dolan sergeant-of-the-watch. Mr. Mike Carmody read the minutes which were duly approved and sealed with the great seal. Mr. Dutch Bergman read a very erudite paper on "How to Dodge the Prefect" which was the hit of the evening. Considering Mr. Bergman's experience he was considered eminently qualified to present first facts on the subject. "How One may Profit by Brownson" was an extremely edifying and thoughtful paper read by Mr. Harry Newning, and discussed by Mr. Bas Soisson. The next number was a song, "You Never Can Tell When You're Caught," sung by Mr. Mart Heyl. At the conclusion of the initial stanza the society as a whole decided to go into spring training. Which same was enacted. Two hundred and seventy applications for membership were held over till after the K. C. initiation.

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##### *Viviparous Mammal Ass'n.*

The V. M. A. meeting was held in the basement of Science [not Walsh] hall with Mr. Mammal Hafey in the chair. In all about thirty mammals were present. Associate Mammal Doc Hanon called the roll and found conditions ripe to begin the meeting. Mr. Joe Heurcamp read a few humorous chapters of the *Scientific Naturalist*, which kindled a frenzy of enthusiasm bordering on riot. Mr. Bernard Lange was next admitted to the society bearing with him the live polecat captured in the boat house. Immediately following his arrival on a running vote the members unanimously adjourned by the back stairs route without prayer.

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Don't forget either that Mr. Heiser recited that perennially sweet thing—"Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight." Ring off, please!

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#### BALLOON NOTABLES.

We herewith present the Board of Editors that made the great annual Balloon ascension, with their works and occupations in a b c order:

Barry, Patrick A.—A member of the class of Twelve. A Greek and Latin shark. Squares the Ph sometimes. Debater, orator, writer and Chief Pillar, after Bro. Flo. of dear old St. Joe. [Rime accidental.]

Curran, Cyril J.—Collector of Wit for the *Dome*; editorial writer. Appeared in the Annual Play. Is always looking for *Dome* copy.

Finn, Russell G.—Philosopher and Contemplative, Cool and Refined, President of Cap and Gown crowd. Artist in the Hard Luck story about weekly assignments.

Galvin, William M.—Texas, near the Pan Handle. Was one Mr. Davis in the play. Was N. G. in same. Wrote a great story about one of the Queens in the Garden of Paradise one Mile West. Sophomores this year. Will junior next.

Howard, Edward J.—Torso first, last and always. A Realist. Deeply attached to Mrs. Radcliffe (a widow). Was one of those who secured some of the 18 1-2 points to the "Saints" in their great track showing. Writes interhall athletics and is the author of such humorous bits as *Ad Culicem*.

Kiley, Louis J.—From Rochester, and captures all hearts with his Smile. Knocks our Lecture and Concert course sometimes as Dramatic editor. Has a dictionary of musical terms with which he sprinkles his appreciations. Motto—"Smile."

Milroy, William J.—Humorist, Friend of Hicks, Actor, Orator, Debater and Guest of Eng. III. Reads Law. Editorializes once in a while.

Murphy, John P.—Our busy man. Reads Law—a phrase specially his,—managers athletics, "bridges it" to Hafey in rec periods and generally is a representative person to meet on important occasions.

Norckauer, Maurice J.—Poet. Author of the statement about Mr. Longfellow which We have made famous. Writes up church services and never fails to hand the forget-me-nots to the choir.

O'Connell, John F.—Coined the phrase "Gold and Blue athletics" which he uses a bit. Can give you the glad hand and a good line of talk any time. Always gets in copy exactly at noon Thursday, which is not bad, considering the others.

O'Neil, Thomas F.—From Akron, O., and a friend of Doc Halter. We should say here that he's a whole lot handsomer than his picture. He can write a good editorial after he gets started, though he gets started late.

Twining, Simon E.—You all know our Ercile, author of "Literary Plagiarism" with so many verified Latin quotations. He looks sad in his picture, but he isn't—just thoughtful. You know—just thoughtful.

Walsh, Joseph M.—A shark on personals. If you are a stranger and happen in he'll get you and your whole family before you have hung up your overcoat.

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"The scene of the story," says Mr. Roach, "is England and the surrounding country." Presumably the North Sea and the Atlantic Ocean.

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##### *Ad Culicem.*

My hands are sore from slapping you—  
My thoughts, I say are more so,  
Now take a hint and you'll be wise—  
Or there'll be a swollen torso.

E. J. H.

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We see from last week's Personals that Mr. Henry May ('07) is counting on a visit to the University before June. Come in April, Henry, we need you.